A DIALOGUE, between a learned DIVINE and a BEGGAR.

A Divine

DIALOUE.

WE read in Teuleru's page,
There liv'd in ſome proceeding age,
A learn'd Divine, a rev'rend Sage,
Who for the ſpace of eight long years,
Importun'd God by pray'r and tear,
(Conceiving from ſome inward want,
He of the Truth was ignorant,
Tho' favour'd with uncommon parts,
And deck'd with ſciences and arts)
To bleſs him with ſome clearer light,
To know HIM and himſelf aright,
To ſend ſome meſſenger that wou'd
Make known what was the ſupreme good.
Inflam'd with zeal, as once he pry'd,
From Heav'n he heard a voice that ſaid,
Go to the church door, there thou'lt find,
One to inſtruct and eaſe thy mind.
With joy he to the place repair'd,
A Beggar found with hoary beard,
With durty feet, and patched coat,

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His whole attire ſcarce worth a groat,
This rais'd in him great admiration;
At length he gave this ſalutation:

Divine.

God give thee a good morning, Brother.

Beggar.

I never, Sir, had any other.

Divine.

Be proſperous! be fortunate!
Why ſpeakeſt thou after this rate?

Beggar.

Nor was I e'er unproſperous,
Or my caſe once calamitous.

Divine.

Be happy as the ſons of God:
Why anſwer'ſt thou ſo very odd?

Beggar.

Nor have I been unhappy here.

Divine.

God ſave thee! ſpeak at laſt more clear.

Beggar.

In this I readily obey:
Didſt thou not wiſh me a good day?
My anſwer, I conceive, was civil,
That I ne'er ſaw one that was evil,
Tho! pinch'd with hunger, yet do I
Adore and praiſe the Deity:
If the winds pierce my body through;
The freezin points be high or low;
Ee the ſky fair, or be it foul,
I praiſe God from my inmoſt ſoul:
If I feel pangs and great diſtreſs,
His ſacred naime I daily bleſs:
Or if deſpis'd wretched, and lame,
His love and mercy I proclaim:
So that moſt truly I might ſay,
I ne'er knew yet an evil day.
Thou likewiſe wiſh'd me fortunate:
I ſaid I knew no other ſtate;
Becauſe, whatever God ordain'd,
I bore ſubmiſſive, pleas'd or pain'd,
If ſweet or bitter was my lot,
Agreeable to fleſh or not.
I ſtill receiv'd it as the beſt,
Therefore was I never diſtreſt;

Farther, thou didſt a wiſh expreſs,
That God wou'd give me happineſs;
I anſwer'd, with a placid mein,
I ne'er yet unhappy been;
For I'm reſolv'd, thro grace, to cleave,
To Heaven's will, my own to leave,
Knowing 'tis infinitely beſt,
In his diſpoſal ſtill to reſt;
No ſelfiſh ſcheme my thoughts purſue,
For what God wills, that I will too.

Divine.

Surpriſing faith thou doſt diſplay;
But what, I query, would'ſt thou ſay
If God almighty ſhou'd think fit
To caſt thee in th' infernal pit;
Would'ſt thou contentedly ſubmit?

Beggar.

What! caſt me in the pit of woe?
Why if he ſhou'd, arms I have two;
One is humility, by it
To his humanity I'm knit:
The other, the right arm, is love,
This is divinity 'll approve;

And by this love himself conser'd,
I'll cling so close and press so hard;
As no disjunction will admit,
He must go with me in the pit;
And better 'twere to be, no doubt,
In Hell with God, than Heav'n without.
Hence the Sage found he wrong had trod
The most compendious way to God.
To which the learn'd are often blind,
Is to be humble and resign'd.
He paus'd a while, and then went on
T' interrogate as he had done.

Divine.

Good lord! from whence came'st thou I pray

Beggar.

From God— whose pow'r the world display

Divine.

Where found'st thou God? —to mind recal.

Beggar.

E'n where I left the creatures all.

Divine.

Where didst thou leave him? pray impart

Beggar.

In the humble, penitent heart:
Men that are govern'd here by grace,
His temples are a dwelling place.

Divine.

Who art thou? canst thou vouchers bring?

Beggar

Who am I? truly, I'm a King:
Jesus himself crown'd me with peace,
With pow'r, dignity, and ease:

Divine.

That thou'rt a King, reason denies:
Pray tell me where thy kingdom lies.

Beggar,

The kingdom of Heav'n's within,
'Tis here I reign as Sovereign;
For in my soul I can, yea do,
By his power rebels subdue,
Command and bind with proper fences

The outward and the inward ſences.
Th' affections of the old man ſlay,
And make him to the new give way.
This kingdom far excelleth all,
The other kingdoms on the ball;
The ſceptres crown, and glories there,
Are [redacted] of which is here.

Divine.

What raiſs'd thy ſoul to this high ſtation?

Beggar.

SILENCE, and heav'nly contemplation
My union and cloſe intereſt,
With the true God of peace and reſt
This is my kingdom here I feaſt:
Nothing my ſoul could ſatisfy,
That was below the Deity,
I've found him, and have now forſaken
A reſtleſs world, ſtrangely miſtaken,
In HIM! a ſolid peace I feel,
A joy no language can reveal.

BRITISH MUSEUM 12 JY 94